THE WORLD.

NUMBER CCVI.

By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *December* the 9th, 1756.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mæchis non vultis, ut omni parte laborent,
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas. HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AS the hiſtory of my life may be of ſome ſervice to many of your readers, I ſhall relate it with all the openneſs and ſimplicity of truth. If they give a due attention to the miſtakes and errors of my conduct, they will paſs over thoſe of my ſtyle. I am no ſcholar; having had a private education under the eye of my mother. Inſtead of converſing or playing with other boys, I went a viſiting with her; and while ſhe and my tutor were at Cribbage, in which they paſſed a conſiderable part of the day, I read ſuch books as I found lying about her room; the

the chief of which were the Atalantis, Ovid's Art of Love, novels, romances, miſcellaneous poems, and plays. From theſe ſtudies I contracted an early taſte for gallantry: and as nothing pleaſed me ſo much as the comedies of the laſt age, my thoughts were conſtantly engroſſed with the enviable ſituation of the heroes of thoſe pieces. Your Dorimants and your Horners ſtruck my imagination beyond the brighteſt characters in Pope's Homer; and though I liked the gallantry of fighting ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a readier way of making themſelves amends, by viſiting their friends at Troy, and taking revenge in kind. Such were the exploits to command my admiration, and ſuch the examples which I looked up to: and having manifeſt advantages of perſon, I entertained moſt extravagant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet even in the height of thoſe extravagancies, I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I ſollicited; much leſs ſhould I have been perſuaded that ſuch uncommon ſucceſs could be productive of any thing but conſummate happineſs. The hiſtory of my life will prove the contrary; and I chuſe to record it, with the view of ſhewing what a ſucceſſion of trouble, diſtreſs and miſery aroſe from the very completion of my deſires.

I WAS precipitately ſent to Oxford, on being diſcovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to Me. As my love for her was exceſſive, this ſeparation was inexpreſſibly painful; and I learned from it, that paſt joys were no conſolation for preſent diſappointment. I found the univerſity life ſo little ſuited to my taſte, that I ſoon prevailed upon my mother to let me come to London. Before I had been a week in town, I was introduced to a young woman, whom I took ſo great a fancy to, that the very violence of my paſſion made me deſpair of ſucceſs. I was however ſo agreeably diſappointed, that I could ſcarce conceal the tranſports of joy which poſſeſſion gave me: but this joy was more than ballanced, when at the end of ſome months, I was told of the condition into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my deſires. My anxiety upon this event, was too great to be reſtrained; and

honour,

honour, which alone had ſtopt the overflowings of my oy, prompted me to give a looſe to my concern. I bewailed with remorſe and tears the ſhame and miſery of deluded innocence, and curſed myſelf as the author of ſo much ruin and infamy. I ſpared no expence to render her unhappy ſituation as comfortable as it could be made, and ſhut myſelf up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increaſed our mutual ſhame, by giving birth to a little negro, which though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conſcience, put me to an immoderate expence in bribes to the nurſes, to keep the ſecret of my diſgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almoſt ſpoiled me for a man of gallantry; but I ſoon loſt all remembrance of ill-uſage in the innocent ſmiles and gentle ſweetneſs of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and conſtancy. Our mutual fondneſs made it impoſſible for us to bear that ſeparation which diſcretion required. As ſhe gave up all her acquaintance for my ſake, ſhe ſoon found herſelf abandoned by them; ſo that our conſtant living together, which had hitherto been choice, was now become an abſolute neceſſity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, if poſſible, encreaſed my tenderneſs, had ſo different an effect upon her temper, as to cauſe a total change in her behaviour to me and all about her: ſhe ſtormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company: yet if ever I went from her upon the moſt urgent buſineſs, ſhe would throw herſelf into fits, and upbraid me with the moſt bitter reproaches. On my being ſent for to attend my mother in her laſt moments, ſhe threatened with horrid imprecations, that if I left her then, I ſhould never ſee her more. I had ſcarce broke from her menaces, when ſhe flew from her lodgings in an agony of paſſion, and has not been heard of ſince.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality who viſited her, and who had caſt an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occaſion to make ſome advances towards me. Whenever we met, her diſcourſe always turned upon the great merits of

my

my mother, and the taſte which ſhe ſhewed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels: and this converſation as conſtantly ended in an aſſignation at her own houſe. Though I was at firſt a little proud to find my preſents meet ſo ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progreſs of this amour; eſpecially when I came to perceive that the ſtrongeſt recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found alſo that a declaration which I had made of not loving cards, did not contribute to ſtrengthen my intereſt in that family.

My next affair was with a lady who was really fond of me; and I thought myſelf then at the height of my wiſhes: for ſhe managed ſo diſcreetly, that we had not the leaſt interruption from her huſband at home; but her conduct abroad was a perpetual ſcene of indiſcretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to ſtir from her ſide. She would carry me to the moſt frequented plays, and keep me in a whiſper during the moſt intereſting ſcenes. Not ſatisfied with this, ſhe made me walk with her eternally in the park, the old-road, and Kenſington gardens; and to compleat her triumph, ſhe draged me, a miſerable object! about the ſtreets of London, with the ſame pityleſs oſtentation as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeleſs carcaſs of Hector round the walls of Troy. To compleat my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* eſtabliſhed a new mode of gallantry; and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new faſhion, and attend their fair on horſe-back. Unluckily for me, my mother, not ſuſpecting that horſemanſhip would ever become, here, a requiſite in gallantry, had made it no part of my Engliſh education: therefore being an abſolute novice, I procured the quieteſt beaſt that was to be got, and hoped I was properly mounted: but I ſoon found my miſtake; for the dullneſs of the horſe tended to bring a moſt diſgraceful ſuſpicion on the ſpirit of the rider; and I was obliged at all events to undertake a more mettleſome ſteed. The conſequence was this: the moment I joined my miſtreſs, ſhe drew out her

her handkerchief, which fluttering in the wind, ſo frightened my horſe, that he carried me directly into the ſerpentine river. While I was taken up with my own danger and diſgrace, her horſe, which had ſtarted at the ſame time, ran a different way, and as ſhe was no otherwiſe qualified for a rider, but by the conſciouſneſs of being a woman of faſhion, ſhe was thrown againſt a tree, and killed on the ſpot. The remembrance of her fondneſs for me, though ſo troubleſome while living, was the cauſe of great affliction to me after her death: and it was near a twelvemonth before I ſettled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who though ſhe did not give me the ſame occaſion of complaint as the laſt, created me no leſs pain, by turning the tables upon me. Inſtead of requiring my conſtant attendance, ſhe would complain that I haunted and dogged her; and would frequently ſecrete herſelf, or run on purpoſe into ſuſpicious company, purely to give me uneaſineſs. Though confeſſedly her favourite, I have frequently been denied admittance, when the moſt worthleſs pretenders have been let in: and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which ſhe liked, ſhe has refuſed them, and accepted a party to a dull play, with the moſt deſpicable of my rivals. When we have been at the ſame table at cards, ſhe has made it remarked by the whole aſſembly that her eyes and her diſcourſe have been induſtriouſly kept from me: and ſuch has been her cruelty, that when I have deſired the honour of walking with her the next morning, ſhe has anſwered, with a ſignificant ſneer, ſhe was very ſorry ſhe could not have my company, for ſhe intended to *ride*. With all this, who could imagine that I was the happy man? and yet, as I ſpared no pains nor coſt in the enquiry, I can venture to pronounce that no other perſon whatever ſhared her favours with me. Of all the tortures that can be deviſed for the puniſhment of poor lovers, there are none ſo excruciating as this inequality of behaviour.

NOT to trouble you with a farther detail of the plagues and diſquietudes, the diſcoveries, expences, fines and dangers which are incident to gallantry in general, I ſhall only tell you that I at laſt perceived there was no peace or comfort for the votaries of Venus but under the